

## Pie

Mince Pie! The kind that smacks of the country home of years ago. It makes the mouth water to think of it—most cooks won't bother now-a-days as they did then to get things "just right," and so we make

## NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

to save the labor and expense and give the husbands and the boys pies "like mother used to make." No housewife has a cleaner kitchen than ours, or can buy as carefully or cheaply as we can. That's why None Such Mince Meat is only

Ten cents a package

Makes two large (or three small) pies. Equally good for Fruit Cake or Fruit Pudding. Valuable premium list of "Star Rogers Bros." silverware enclosed. May be obtained from all good dealers.

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## BLOODY FIGHT OF EAGLES.

A Royal Pair in the New York Zoo Engage in a Fierce Conflict.

At the zoo in Central park, New York, there was a fierce and bloody fight the other day. The outcome, it is feared, may prove fatal to the male eagle, who provoked the battle. No one knows just how it started, but it may have been a scurrilous remark about the personal appearance of his mighty mate that drew down her wrath upon the luckless male—anyway, they fought.

Loud screams and angry thrashings in the cage first drew the keeper's attention when he discovered a frightful mix-up. The great curved beaks tore, the fearful talons struck and cut, the powerful wings beat and pommelled as the pair rolled in conflict on the floor. There was a brown nimbus of down and feathers in the air about them.

The female is much the larger and more powerful bird, says the New York Times, and at last succeeded in vanquishing her partner. He, poor, battered, featherless wretch, presented a pitiable sight when rescued by his keeper, though his eyes still flashed defiantly and his weak voice shrieked angry hatred at his conqueror. It seemed he would never recover.

## FASHIONS IN WORDS.

Evening gowns with flimsy Western New York.

"Lady" and "Party" Are Now Coming Back Into Favor After Long Disuse.

A word that is gradually coming into its own again after a period of neglect is "lady." After having been overworked until it lost its significance, the word was suddenly subdued and expelled from all polite, if not educated conversation.

Now there is a tendency to receive "lady" back into the modish vocabulary. The word is occasionally heard in the talk of persons who flatter themselves that they speak the latest New Yorkese. But it must be uttered with a slight emphasis in order to show that the word has just been taken up, says the New York Sun.

"Party" has after a term of banishment been restored to high favor in drawing-room conversation. Only a few years ago the word was as much scorned as "lady" in circles that were supposed to be critical in details of such importance. It was never heard. But now "party" is among the overused words of the fashionable vocabulary and is added to every term of description.

"This one hears of 'musical parties,' 'dancing parties,' and so on throughout the whole category.

## ESTIMATING COAL SUPPLY.

Some Startling Figures as to the Unlimited Quantity of Pennsylvania Anthracite.

A banking house in New York has made an estimate of the coal which remains in the anthracite beds of Pennsylvania, and finds that there are still 5,072,775,000 tons unmined. These beds are, with insignificant exceptions, the property of eight railroad corporations, which expect to mine 50,000,000 tons this season. At this rate, the coal would last about 100 years; but the consumption of coal is constantly increasing, and if the estimate of the banking house is correct, the anthracite field of Pennsylvania will be exhausted long before the end of the century, says the Baltimore American. While this coal is the most accessible and of excellent quality, there are other anthracite deposits which may be brought into general use within a few years that will remove all anxiety concerning the supply. The bituminous and semi-bituminous coal deposits are practically inexhaustible, and they extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, some of the southwestern states and territories being to a large extent beds of coal.

## Secret of Long Life.

A physician has declared that if only minutes a day were spent in physical re-creation as an adjunct to mental education, most people might live to 70 or 80 years of age, and perhaps mount Avenue lives to 100 years.

## THE OLD WORLDLING.

As shambles by each sunny afternoon; His portly form is shrunken as a specter. His face is vacant as the morning moon; Quaffed is his nectar.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone; Out of his blood the wasteful warmth that thrilled it; Out of his air the charm that conquests was; When fancy willed it.

Proud was his port and tasty his array; His days and nights o'erflowed with song and laughter; He never dreamed that these would pass away And this come after.

He courted pleasure and secured it still; He asked for friends, and loves, and these were given; He craved all worldly good and had his fill; He sought not Heaven.

His friends have vanished never to return; His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's desire; His passions only in their embers burn; Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventime has brought no light; Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him; The dark will bear him to the wastes of night; Earth will not miss him.

Alas, the life that has no upward look; No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor; Its taste becoming like the seer's book; Bitter forever! —Edward N. Pomeroy, in Boston Transcript.

## WHEN THE "RAG ROW" CLOSED

By D. H. TALMADGE.

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LET it be distinctly understood that no man conforms precisely to the estimate put upon him by the world. He is human, and consequently too deep in places for human comprehension.

Duggles is considered to be a very wicked young man—a man of menace to the better social interests, who obtains his living in a manner prohibited by the statutes and thereby assists the police reporters of the daily press to obtain their honestly, which fact has a bearing upon some problem or other in moral philosophy. He is not a bad-looking young fellow when he appears in police court after a comfortable night's sleep, and it is noted on these occasions that a young woman with big brown eyes, which seem to melt and run down her face when she looks at the prisoner, invariably occupies a seat near the door. This young woman has come to be as much a feature of interest to the court habitués as Duggles himself, and the police department even goes so far as to suspect her of complicity in certain crimes, which is as much a compliment as can be paid to her.

Outside the police department is a capable young man, who is capable of paying to any person a law perhaps after awhile. Any thing may be expected from state legislatures, which as a rule are composed of conscientious men who labor under the frightful delusion that if they fail to make laws they are failing in their duty to the commonwealth, and who, poor creatures, are woefully puzzled at times to obtain raw material. This, however, has nothing to do with Duggles in particular.

Duggles appeared one night at the Three Corners, a locality frowned upon by those good people who believe that vice should be cloaked respectably, and crooked his finger at a certain window. The window drapery fluttered responsive, and a moment later the girl of the brown eyes appeared in the "family entrance" of the beer saloon known to many as "Bud's Place." "Bud" was the girl's father. Also he was a warm friend to Duggles.

"Evening," said Duggles. He gently grasped the hand that the girl extended towards him and held it. They seated themselves upon the doorstep. "Didn't look for me to-night, did you?" He smiled.

"No," replied the girl; "but that makes me all the gladder to see you." "Now!" He was greatly pleased. "Warm, isn't it?"

"Awful."

"Was warmer where I was last night."

"Was it?"

"I bet you!" He rubbed the stubble of his chin with his disengaged hand and chuckled. Then he pressed a bit closer to her. "Molly, what would you say to buyin' a house and movin' into it, you and me?"

"What you givin' me?"

"Straight goods, me girl. See here: There was a select little stag party up on Avenue B last night, and I was to it; dropped in without bein' bid about two o'clock. No matter how I got in, 'twasn't by the door; and what I got wasn't what I went after. I didn't touch a thing, and when I left I covered every track."

"You heard somethin'?"

"Gee, but you're clever, Molly! How did you tumble so easy?"

He contemplated the girl in frank admiration. "Stop givin'. What did you hear?"

He closed one eye cunningly. "You'll have to let me whisper it into your ear, and you'll have to take chances of gettin' kissed while I'm whisperin' it."

"Don't you dare, Bill Duggles!"

The girl scowled fiercely, then rested her head upon his shoulder. "Ain't it nice they didn't put an arc on this side the buildin'?" she murmured. "M-m-m-m," he agreed.

A policeman passed, twirling his night stick. A bevy of girls, chatting and laughing shrilly, paused, nudging one another. A child, carrying a tin pail, appeared and stood waiting until Duggles arose and made way for her to enter the saloon.

"There was only two men in the party," he went on, "and one of 'em was old Drimmer, chief squirt of the Rag Row bank, and the other was Bowd, the cashier. I come within an inch of breakin' right in on 'em. My hand was on the doorknob, and—"

"Cut the trimmin's," the girl interrupted impatiently. "What did you hear?"

His reply caused her to start. "Go in to close—Friday—the Rag Row bank—aw, say, now!"

"It's straight, I tell you. They went over the whole thing, figures and all. There's a shortage of 16,000 plunkers and some cents on the bank books, and they're goin' to sneak with what they can get their claws on before the thing comes out. They don't want to do it. Old Drimmer sniveled like a kid, but Bowd didn't; he cussed 'em both for speculatin' with other people's spuds; said they might as well make a clean job of it now. As near as he could tell there was \$15,000 apiece for 'em, all cash."

"Well?" said the girl, after an interval.

"Well, it's up to me to do somethin'. This is Tuesday. What'll I do?"

"I don't know. Dad keeps his money in that bank."

"Yes, and the Multons do and the Tolands and the Kiggles and all our folks; but they'll pay nothin' to the one that saves the stuff for 'em—not a pistareen. There's the makin' in it. Molly, of a nice little front room with plate glass fixtures and a nice little back room with easy-chairs and a velvet sofa. All I've got to do is to ask for \$5,000 and I'll get it."

"Ask who?"

"Old Drimmer."

"He'd laugh at you; he'd say no one would believe you."

"He wouldn't laugh when I worked the shortage gap on him; that's where I'd have him lead to rights. I know a newspaper guy that'll give me a hundred in cold cash, and maybe more, for the steer the minute the thing's proved; and he'll see that it's proved devilish quick, too, and won't ask unpleasant questions."

They were silent for a time. A cab rattled over the cobbles, and fragments of "The Wearing of the Green," played on an accordion, wafted from a near-by alley.

"Bill," the girl spoke first.

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't be honest; 'twouldn't be square."

"Maybe not, me girl. You think I'd letter put the corners on, and let the old slot open streets at their pleasure?"

"Gance go?"

She did not reply at once. Softly he stroked her hair, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. A quarter-hour. Then, very slowly:

"Yes, Bill, you'd better let the chance go. We'd never feel just right about it. Let it go."

Duggles heaved a sigh. His forehead was wet with sweat, and he ground his teeth. The hand in which he held that of the girl contracted with such vigor that she gave utterance to an exclamation of pain. But the tone of his voice was cheerful.

"All right, Molly."

Impulsively the girl put her arms about his neck. "I'll marry you, Bill, any time you say," she whispered. "You're awful good."

He gasped. "You said you wouldn't till I was fixed to buy a place. You ain't givin' me, are you, Molly?"

"N't," she replied. "I've changed my mind. I'd rather have you poor but honest than to have you rich with the spuds stole from our own people by swell thieves. Our people trusted 'em, Bill, and they've proved false. I'm surprised that you'd think of takin' the—"

"I didn't want the stuff, Molly," he interrupted; "on the dead I didn't; I wanted—you. I can graft enough from them that can afford to lose it to keep us goin', dear."

"If you can't," she said, and the note in her voice was one of high purpose according to her lights, "we'll starve, old man."

"You know it!" said Duggles.

And the next day two miserable men were transferred from homes wherein the Three Corners district was never thought of except with horror to that place where the state confines the violators of its laws until they shall be tried.

Mrs. Logan Attains Fresh Honors.

Mrs. John A. Logan has been elected to the head of the new organization. Application has been made to the commander in chief of the Spanish war veterans for a charter as a national woman's auxiliary by a number of women of Washington, who have elected officers, selecting Mrs. Logan as president. The application is strongly endorsed by Lieut. Gen. Miles, recently commander in chief of the veterans, and by other prominent officers. It is proposed that the National Woman's Auxiliary shall have a status with the Spanish War Veterans similar to that enjoyed by women's organizations connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, Union Veterans' union and other patriotic associations. If the charter is granted Mrs. Logan's auxiliary will be the mother and issue charters to such women's auxiliaries as may be organized throughout the country.

New Can Only Be Picked.

She—Why don't you pick out some nice girl to marry you?

He—I guess you don't know the girls in our set. They do the pickin' out.—Boston Herald.

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September 13, 1901.

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Deceased.

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